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ERNEST RADFORD.

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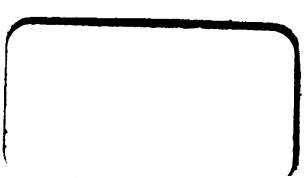

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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AND OTHER VERSES.

Cambridge: E. JOHNSON.

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MEASURED STEPS

BY

ERNEST RADFORD

London
T FISHER UNWIN
26 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1884

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"For all such things as these 'are produced in the season of Spring:' . . . then the wind casts them down; then the forest produces other leaves in their places. But a brief existence is common to all things."

MARCUS AURELIUS.

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Many of these pieces were included in a former volume; others have been published in magazines; the remainder are now printed for the first time.

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PART I.

MEASURED STEPS.

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'Would st thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.'

BEN JONSON

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MEASURED STEPS.

HAPLY, reader, waxing cold,
Thou an idle thing dost hold
All that Fancy whilom told?

Nathless, reader, is it best,
Or in earnest, or in jest,
Vagrant fancies to arrest.

Yea, in wordy net would I
Snare each thought that hasteth by,
As a boy a butterfly.

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Poor butterfly! Poor painted thing!
Borne hither upon aëry wing:—
So ends thine idle wandering?

Poor child of Fancy! Thou wert fair
Erst when upon the vernal air
Thou cam'st to apprehension near.

But lo! the careful net is thrown;
Now, soft! What treasure may we own?
Haply, reader——it is flown!

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MY Love, where art thou? Crowding waves
Press ever on the strait confine
Of the still, spirit-haunted shore
Where my soul waiteth thine.

My Love, where art thou? Once, ah, once
Thy vision in the clamorous mart
Had drawn me surely from the throng
To a chamber set apart

Where, weaving from its finest strand,
My spirit fashioned for thy shrine
A veil, to shroud thee from a gaze
Raised unabashed to thine.

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But now, where art thou? Say not, lost!
That Sanctuary of thought is bare.
The shrine where stood thy picture shows
The wan face of Despair.

* * * * *

Not 'lost';—the low, sweet voice that bade
Me wait the lapse of dragging years;
Not 'lost';—that vision in the throng
Now dimly seen thro' tears.

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TAKE back the song you sang, Love;
Take back the gift you brought;
Take back the word you gave, Love,
Let me only keep the thought

That you knew not what you said, Love,
And deemed a song was naught,
And brought a gift to me, Love,
And knew not what you brought.

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THE inmost tenant of my heart,
Dearest, thou know'st so well thou art!
But Love alone can solve a doubt
If I do love *thee* out and out.

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ABOVE the line
Of thawless snows,
On yonder height,
One flower grows.

And in my bosom,
Winter-bound,
Lives one such flower,
Which thou hast found.

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THEY are all I have for you;
Christmas roses, just a few:
Fair and spotless, I can find
Nothing liker to thy mind
'Mid all the flowers of richer kind.

My heart is tired, and words are weak:
Have flowers a language? These shall speak.
Take my roses; thou wilt find
Low music answering in my mind
To their voice breathed upon the wind.

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I HELD her hand
To-day,
And whispered a word,
And she heard:—
And I did not work,
And she did not play
To-day.

I touched her lips
To-night,
And none knew, but we two,
The delight:—
And I shall not sleep,
And she will not sleep
To-night.

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AM I not worthy of thee? Oh, my child!
Come close, come close, and nurse upon thy breast
My aching brow! Let thy sweet hands be pressed
Cool, cool, on these hot eyelids, till the wild,

Ungoverned tumult in my brain is stilled!
Close, close! Till that sound dies within mine ears,
And I may cease from questioning with tears
Why God has made me love thee? Oh, my child!

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AH, Love, I lack thy kisses
In the warm, sweet breath of June:
I am lonely amid lovers;
Love, come soon.

A blue sea stretches waveless
'Neath a blue, blue sky this June:
I am panting for thy love, Love;
Love, come soon.

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I LOOKED out over the ocean,
And saw a maiden stand
Where billow and cloud commingled
In a vanishing golden land.

I passed out over the ocean,
And held the Sun-Maiden's hand,
And lost for ever a treasure
That was mine in the Fatherland.

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FOR one who long a worldly gain
In worldly paths has sought,
May aught of better worth remain,
Save, peradventure, caught
On cobwebs in the brain
Some fragment of untainted thought?

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SO there lies Florence; Fiésole there;
And Giotto's tower, and Brunelleschi's dome,
God-sent to troubled spirits for a home,
Sleep in her midst incomparably fair.
Most fair, and proudest city! Thou didst dare
To exile Dante! *He* might die, or roam
Dead-hearted; nor tears, nor the froth and foam
Of bitter hate, nor the cry of his despair
Fair Florence heeded! And Dante turned,
And wasted life, endeavouring to move
The cold decree. Often his keen eyes strained
Towards his lost home, and his great heart yearned
Towards her. In the bosom she had pained,
With fierce wrath and scorn, was quenchless love.

* * * * *

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HE murmured, 'Love, for ever!'
And she whispered, 'and a day;'
And I, whose pain ends never,
Saw her stand in her bride's array,
And knew that her love was for ever,
And his false love for a day.

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COULD I be young as I once was young;
Young, body and heart again:
Could you but be fair as you once were fair
(But wishing, ah me! is vain.)
There were happiness now that we missed somehow,
In days that ended in pain.

Could I but love as once I loved
In old, old days that are sped:
Could you but be true as I thought you true
Ere trust in my heart was dead,
There were still to know, in place of woe,—
Ah me, what a joy instead!

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But I may not love as I loved in youth,
Nor trust as I trusted then;
Nor beauty is yours, nor the fragment of truth
That you brought to the sons of men.
There is nothing to mend; my song must end:—
Ah me! but I loved you then.

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ONCE there was no heaven
Other than I knew
In the limitless worlds beyond
The fathomless blue
Of eyes that were wistful, and wondrous,
And loving, and true.

Was the flame too fierce to be lasting?
The setting too rich for the jewel?
Was it pleasant forecasting the glances
Of eyes too kind to be cruel?
Was the setting too rich for the jewel?
(Thy face too fair in the view?)

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Was it pleasant, beloved, blasting
A hope that was new,
With words—a low murmur of music
On lips too sweet to be true?

The tale is a tale oft told,
Poor theme for man to bemoan!
Thine eyes are the 'wondrous' eyes of old,
Thy 'loving' heart was a heart as cold—
The self-same stone;
And lips that have lied
Are the lips that sighed
In low, sweet undertone.

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'THE days will be long,' she murmured;
And her tears on his bosom fell.
'For a little while,' he answered,
As loth to say Farewell.

So the Farewell was not spoken,
And her lover crossed the main;
And the days were long while she waited,
And watched, till he came again.

Too hard to be spoken at parting!
Her lover came back; and they tell
How they met, and how sweetly he uttered
(After long days of waiting)—Farewell.

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WHERE chestnuts overhang the stream
Our boat shall lie; here may we dream
The hour away; and Care will wait.
Ah, sweet!
Ah, sweet!
Thus for one hour to deviate
From the rude pathway marked by Fate.

Our home is here; the skylark flings
His music down, and tiniest things
Beat the still air with labouring wings.
Ah, sweet the odours!
Sweet the song!

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Sweet to forget, these scenes among,
The jarring discords of the throng.

Now glide we onward, ever slow;
And now, in the opal afterglow,
Listen,—a voice sings clear and low.
Ah, sweet the singer!
Sweet the strain!
Ah when, ah when, tired heart and brain,
Shall that song gladden thee again?

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FAREWELL, farewell, now Summer's sped,
Till wakes the coming year!
Farewell, farewell, the leaves are dead!
Farewell, my heart is drear!

I sang through all the happy times
Of Summer; now 'tis done,
I wing my flight to other climes
Still Southward, toward the Sun.

(*The Lark's Farewell.*—KLAUS GROTH.)

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SWEET, on thy mouth a smile there played;
A smile that in my thought betrayed
The matter of thy reverie.

* * * * *

That while thy face thus lighted up,
Did Fancy's children laughingly
Squeeze pleasures in a golden cup
That Hope held up to thee?
(Ah, Fancy, trailing broken wing!
Ah, weary joys and sorrowing!—
Thy life must be a lovelier thing.)
Ah, stay not, love, with me!

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THINK you it would be good indeed
(Surveying yonder, scrawled in slime,
The rapid finger-trace of Time)
To catch Life's secret, and to read

The import of the coming years?
Or would the load be heavier yet?
A paler Grief, unheeded, wet
The rock of Destiny with tears?

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HANDS clasped a moment on the strand;
The one must stay, the other go;
There is not any sign to show
That friends have parted, hand from hand.

And years roll on; the two friends stand;
The welcome spoken, speech is slow;
Still is there not a sign to show
Friend dead to friend, as hand strikes hand.

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THE spirit ever hath desire
To pierce, thro' forms of Friendship, higher,
And somewhere gain its destined part
Of true communion, heart with heart.

* * * * *

Ah, friend of Youth! thy fresh-cut grave
Is warmer than the hand you gave;
Else were not (strangers many years)
Lost friend, lost friend! These tears, these tears.

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WHEN laughing Joy robs Sorrow
Of all her load of thought,
The harp and voice may borrow
A sweetness yet untaught,
To be merry, till the morrow
Dawns, with its memories fraught,
And the tired thief
Brings back to Grief
Her heavy load of thought.

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DEAREST sister, Sorrow dwells
In the home, as sound in shells
That whisper evermore,
Along a silent shore,
Evermore and mournfully,
The gathered sadness of the sea.

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WHAT art was lavished on the bower!
What nameless beauty hers for dower!
What perfect moments made the hour!

* * * * *

They steal like death from room to room;
They stifle sobs that break the gloom;
They keep the silence of the tomb.

* * * * *

Bring up old friends to view the bed;
Bring up, with slow, mock-solemn tread,
The hired transport of the dead.

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* * * * *

Let rest the gold that holds her hair;

Let rest a ring none else might wear;

Let rest the strong man weeping there.

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LIFE, life, if murmuring there be
Of low estate, or scanty pelf,
The plaint upgoeth not from me.
Thy toys lie broken on the shelf—
Love scattered with an idle breath;
Life, life! Love overmastereth thee!
Grant gentle passage unto death.

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NOW Night, with gentle breath, has wrought
Some rest within the brain:
The spirit that had vainly sought,
Now, outward gazing, seems to gain
The end of all this tangled skein
Of cabined, cribbed, unresting thought.

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PART II.

FITS AND STARTS.

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'Rhymes are difficult things — they are stubborn things, Sir!' — AMELIA.

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FITS AND STARTS.

WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?
'I'm going to publish, sir,' she said.
Perhaps you've a fortune, my pretty maid?
'My verse is my fortune, sir,' she said.
Then you'd better not try it, my pretty maid;
There's an item for printing, and, when it is paid,
There's 'Commission on sales,' oh innocent maid!
In your rural retreat have you heard of THE TRADE?
Oh, *where* are you going to, my pretty maid!

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IF you never write verses yourself,
Dear reader, I leave it with you:
You will grant a half-inch of your shelf,
If you *never* write verses yourself.
It was praised by some lenient elf;
It was damned by a heavy Review;
I'm a bit of a critic myself;
But, reader, I leave it with you.

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ITS not Botticelli, oh no!
I've asked Mr Maudle, my dear:
Mantegna, Squarcione, or so,
But not Botticelli, oh no!
Moreover, I saw Mr Crowe,
And he said (he's sadly severe)
'Its not Botticelli, oh no;
But ask Mr Maudle, my dear.'

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DOWN 'Oborn, sir? Circus? Bank, Bank!
Yer's a huproar, my bloomin'! Hoff side!
A flower, Miss? Ah, thankee, Miss, thank—
Down 'Oborn, sir? Circus? Bank, Bank!
'Igher up! 'Ullo, Bill! Wot a prank!
If that 'ere old carcase 'ant shied!
Down 'Oborn, sir? Circus? Bank, Bank!
Keep yer 'air on, my sonny! Hoff side!

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'OT P'taties! All 'ot, sir! All 'ot!
Ere's a swell in a welveteen coat!
'E's a hartist, a hauthor'—a *wot?*
Ot P'taties! All 'ot, sir! All 'ot!
Ah, there now's a beauty you've got!
Them writins don't keep 'im afloat)
'Ot P'taties! All 'ot, sir! All 'ot!
Ere's a swell in a welveteen coat.

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ICES! Programmes! Lemonade!
'E thinks e's a Hirving, my eye!
Why, Puss, you've been crying: afraid?
Ices! Programmes! Lemonade!
The first time you've seen a piece played?
It's pretty—but, Pussy, don't cry—
Ices! Programmes! Lemonade!
Thim legs! 'Enry Hirving! My eye!

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FINE Violets! Fresh Violets! Come buy!
Refuse them? I would not be you.
All springtime it haunts me, that cry:—
Fine Violets! Fresh Violets! Come buy!
Whose loss if she tell me a lie?
'They're starving; my God, sir, it's true!
Fine Violets! Fresh Violets! Come buy!
Ah, rich man!—I would not be you.'

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THE CASE OF GEORGE HALL.

I KILLED her? Ah! why do they cheer?
Are the twenty years gone to-day?
Why she was my wife, sir; dear, *so* dear!
And I killed her? And they cheer? . . .
Ah, hound! He was shaking with fear;
And I rushed—with a knife they say; . . .
I killed her; . . . ah! why do they cheer?
Are the twenty years gone to-day?

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CIGAR lights! yer honour? C'gar lights!
May God forget you in your need!
Ay, damn you! if folk git ther rights
(Cigar lights, yer honour? C'gar lights!)
Ther babies shant starve in the nights
For wanting the price of yer weed—
Cigar lights! yer honour? C'gar lights!
May God forget you in your need!

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VERSES CONTAINING A VERY GRAVE REFLECTION UPON THE DECADENCE OF SONG.

HAD 'Robbie' Burns espied thy lips,
He'd have kissed them, that I know!
We modern bards dare no such quips,
But slowlier go,
And wind about, with ill grimace,
For tardier shows of scantier grace.

Could 'Robbie' see the sonsie eyes
That glint from out their lashes so,
They'd have no time for shy surprise
('Twixt Robbie's kisses, don't you know);
With laughter slow,
He'd kiss, and kiss, and whisper low
A song no living bard can show.

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NOVELIST TO READER.

SUPPOSE, dear reader, I should choose,
By old traditions undeterred,
Some hero from the common herd,
And ask a public to peruse

The story of a life that moved
For ever in a midway track,
With little record at the back
Of Vice detected, Virtue proved

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(As may be thine), were it a thing
To marvel at if, in an hour,
Lulled by its soporific power,
I found thee, reader, slumbering?

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ON RECEIVING A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM TWO LADIES.

AH, Ladies! that some fairy band
Might turn a barren offering
Of thanks into a richer thing!
The cunning of an artist's hand,
The tuneful harp to sing,

These are not mine; nor mine the power,
In graceful phrase, with studied art,
To tell how, in a saddened hour,
As rain upon a thirsty flower,
Kind wishes cheer the heart.

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Alas, dear friends! Could we but train
Upon a furrowed legal brow
The Muse's sacred laurel bough!
Ah, then I might not strive in vain
(Beating an irresponsive brain)
To waft in fitting measures now
The breath of kindness back again.

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FEBRUARY 14*th.*

IN boyhood's hour a facile pen
Sped lightest love in smoothest lines ·
Ah! many a bosom cherished then
My easy, artful Valentines.

But now (ah, now!) this aching breast
Knows deeper love by surer signs
Of pain that none have ever guessed
Who kissed those artful Valentines.

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AFTER HERRICK.

Her picture in profile.

I DIE
If I but spy
One eye;
Yet would I fain
See twain.

The same in full view.)

In profile
Twas vile;
But in th' obverse
'Tis worse.

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A PICTURE.

(At Dresden. Cabinet, 19 c.)

TRUE, true, very true; but you see
It's no use to argue with me.
Ascetical scruples! Fiddle-dee-dee!
She's *there*—in the Dresden gallery,
'A girl with a candle,'—19 c.
And any one, worthy to loosen her sandal,
Would give, though a belted earl,
His total possessions to blow out her candle,
I tell you, and kiss that girl!

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A COINCIDENCE.

I TURNED, and caught her turning too;
And thought, what can it be?
The girl is beautiful to view,
And well might turn a head or two,
But I am plain as any Jew,
They never look at me.

I turned, and caught her turning too;
And thought, you young coquette!
Though I am yellow as a Jew,
You could not rest until you knew
That my poor head was turning too,
And so our glances met.

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ON A CHRISTMAS CARD.

With the words "Now may the fair goddess Fortune fall deep in love with thee. Prosperity be thy page.")

AH, kindest friend! kind words that cheer
A path too desolate and drear,
When troubled thoughts importune,
For timid Joy to venture near!
Ah, blest indeed, if it might be
That Fortune were in love with me
As I in love with Fortune!

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Then should I thrive! And all day long
Might hear a benedictory song
(Not to a very short tune)
From the whole social throng.
And all day long, behind my back,
'In love with *him!* Alack! alack!
Ah, sad and bad Miss Fortune!'

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CHRISTMAS AT PLYMOUTH.

LITTLE maiden, I am lonely,
Sad and seedy by the sea.
Sad and seedy! Glad and greedy
Were the right Yule-tide for me!

Little maiden, would you only
Keep a kiss for me,
Then I should not be so lonely,
Sad and seedy by the sea.

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ON THE TOW-PATH.

In grateful recollection of a Cambridge coach.)

GET her ready!
Forward! Row!
Keep her steady!
Let her go!
Now she's strolling!
Sit up! *Bow!*
You are rolling
Like a cow!
Now then, d—n it
Blazes! *Two!*

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Try to lamm it

On man, do

Feel your stretchers !

Curse you ! *Three !*

Can't you splash it

Over *me !*

Swing together,

Every oar !

Off the feather

Sooner ! *Four !*

Keep your backs up !

Look alive

Where d'you hope to

Go to ? *Five !*

Six ! you're cocking !

Seven ! you're late !

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Shocking ! Shocking !

Ghastly 'eight' !

Keep it *going !*

Never saw

Damn'der rowing !—

E–a–s–y all !

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IN CHAMBERS.

THERE now! He's coming! tramp—tramp
—tramp—
Those seventy-two accursed stairs!
Certain and slow, I know the scamp!
And in a minute, if our prayers
May not prevent—it's too late now;
He's at it! Kicking round the scraper!
Ye Gods! And must men suffer so
To get a clammy paper?

Ah well, ah well! One day I know
(I've watched and waited two years now)

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A lighter foot, with step less slow,
Will touch the stair, and then, somehow,
I shall be certain as the day
That that quick step is not to stop,
Like all the rest (confound the fop!),
Down there at Jones's, just half-way.

I shall be by the fire, suppose,
With my Chaucer in hand, as beseemeth youth,
And the smoke will go curling about my nose,
As I dream, in veriest truth,
That Law is no more, and the Junior Bar
In Courts of Love all hold a brief,
And the fairest of witnesses flock from afar
To debate of 'the Flower and the Leaf.'

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And then, ah then ! on the wind-swept stair
Of this drear old Temple, a voice will be heard;
The rush of a dress, the trill of an air,
The scent of a rose, and the note of a bird,
And then, ah then ! That book will fly,
Dear, grand old bard ! at thy grand old bust,
And I shall be with her in half of an eye—
She's *coming*, you gibbering fool ! she *must*.

So you needn't sit there, with your world-wise air,
And prattle Propriety out of a book :
'No lady would sing on a public stair' ?
You ass ! My girl sings everywhere,
And is coming by hook or by crook !

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You grinning old reprobate! Stop your tum
tum!
'No lady'? hang ladies! Mine will not
be long;
I know not her face, but I know she will come,
A flutter—a rush—a scent—and a song.

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PART III.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

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'Concerning Imitation, many learned men have written, with moch diverſitie for the matter, and therefore with great contrarietie and some ſtomacke amongest them ſelves.'—

THE SCHOLEMASTER.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.'

AWAY! To the shore of the Ganges!
Come away! On the pinions of song,
To a bower in green leafage entangled,
Deep hid from the throng.

There, Love, is a garden with flowers
That bloom in the pale moonshine;
The lotus-flowers dream of their sister;
Ah! let them not pine.

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There violets are whispering softly,
Their eyes to the pale stars climb ;
There roses are softly retelling
Sweet tales of old time.

Darts by, and pauses, and listens,
The wary, mild-eyed gazelle ;
And the far-heard Ganges quiets
The spirit as a spell.

Ah ! there will we lie embowered,
'Neath the tall palm's spreading crest ;
There, Love, will be endless pleasure,
And there will be rest.

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'Die Bergstimme.'

ALL sadly through the wild ravine
A warrior slowly drave:
'Ah! now am I nearer my darling's arms,
Or nearer the silent grave?'
The mountain answer gave:
'The silent grave!'

And further the warrior rideth,
And a sigh breaks from his breast:
'And must I then enter the grave so soon?
Ah well, in the grave there is rest!'
And again,—from the mountain's crest:
'In the grave there is rest!'

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The warrior's brow is troubled,

A tear on the bronzed cheek fell:

'Is there no rest then in the world for me?

Then the rest of the grave will be well.'

The voice from the mountain fell:

'The grave will be well!'

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'Am Kreuzweg wird begraben.'

THE cross-road marks his resting,
Who found no rest till the end;
And thereby is a blue flower springing,
Called the Poor-devil's friend.

I stood in the night by the cross-road,
And sighed for his rest in the end;
Whilst this flower in the moonshine shivered,
Called the Poor-devil's friend.

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'Vergiftet sind meine Lieder.'

MY songs are poisoned, dearest;
How other could they be?
You poured, you know, the poison
In a loving-cup for me.

My songs are poisoned, dearest;
How other could they be?
There are serpents in my bosom,
Yes, serpents, Love,—and thee.

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'Ich grolle nicht.'

I MUST endure: tho' my sad heart should break,
Oh, love for ever lost! I must endure.
And thou mayest shine in diamonds bedight—
They shed no lustre o'er thy bosom's night.

I've known it long. In dreams that troubled rest,
I saw night chambered in thy loveless breast;
Saw serpents feeding in its inmost part,
And saw, lost Love, how thou wert sick at heart.

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'Ja, du bist elend.'

YES, thou art wretched, and I must endure;—
Love, we shall both be wretched until death!
When these sick hearts shall break there is one cure;
Love, we shall both be wretched until death.

I see thy lips that wreathèd are with scorn,
I see thy bright eyes flashing haughtily,
And thy proud bosom statelily upborne,—
Yet art thou wretched,—wretched, Love, as I.

The scorning lips are twitched with stifled pain,
Tear-dimmed thine eyes as jewels at a breath,
The proud breast hides its agony in vain,—
Love, we shall both be wretched until death.

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'Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen.'

HEART, my heart, yield not to sadness;
Be submissive to thy fate;
And spring restoreth—only wait—
All that winter steals from gladness.

Think but how much there still is left thee;
Think but how fair the world is still;
Heart, my heart, befall what will,
Love can never be bereft thee.

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'Du hast Diamanten und Perlen.'

YOU'VE diamonds, and pearls, and all treasure,
Wherefor men will delve and sweat;
And your eyes are the sweetest; and, darling,
Is there anything yet?

On those sweet eyes unnumbered
Are the deathless songs that I set
To the tenderest music; and, darling,
Is there anything yet?

And with those sweet eyes you bound me
In the toils of a bitter regret:
You blasted my life, my darling,—
Is there anything yet?

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'Sag mir, wer einst die Uhren erfund.'

WHO was it that found out Time, I pray;
The days of the week, and the hours of the day?
Ah, that was a sorrowful, cold-stricken wight,
Who sat and thought in a winter night,
And counted the hours by the stealthy 'pick'
Of mice, and the woodworm's slow tick, tick.

And who was it found out kisses, I pray?
A Youth with the lips of a God, they say,
Who kissed, and kissed, and went on his way,
And all in the merriest month of May,
When everywhere fresh flowers were springing,
And sunshine laughed, and birds were singing.

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'An deine schneeweisse Schulter.'

LAID on thy snow-white shoulder
My head is at rest;
And I listen,—and know the unquiet
Desire of thy breast.

The gorgeous hussars have stormed it,
And entered without strife!
And, to-morrow, a woman will leave me
That I love as my life.

What tho' in the morning she leave me,
To-night she is mine,—
My head is at rest on her shoulder,
And her snow-white arms entwine.

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'Wie kannst du ruhig schlafen.'

AND can you sleep so sweetly,
And know me living still?—
Nor dream that my pain may wake again
And break my heart and will?

You know the ancient ballad—
How once a dead man drave,
At the darkest hour, to his lady's bower,
And dragged her to the grave?

Believe me, my child-angel,
In slumber now afar,
I'm living still, and am stronger yet
Than any dead men are!

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'In den Küssen welche Lüge.'

AH, what lies the kisses cover!
In their seeming, ah, what bliss!
Sweet 'tis to delude a lover,
Sweeter the delusion is!

Spite thy protestations, fairest,
I can tell what thou'lt receive!
I'll believe in all thou swearest,
And I'll swear all thou'lt believe.

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'Mit schwarzen Segeln.'

WITH brown sail spread my vessel flies
Far over the troubled sea;
Thou knowest I am sick at heart,
And still thou grievest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind
That ever will be free:
With brown sail spread my vessel flies
Far over the troubled sea.

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'Wie neubegierig die Möwe.'

AH, Love! the sea-gulls hover,
And are watching ever near,
As wishful to discover,
When thy sweet lips press mine ear,

What the sweet low voice has murmured,
That thrilleth me so with bliss;
And if love's secret passeth
In a whisper or a kiss?

Ah, Love! what should I answer?
There is none can answer this.—
Adroitly intermingled
Are the whisper and the kiss.

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'Du liebst mich nicht.'

THOU lovest me not, thou lovest me not;
But that is a little thing;
So I find but grace to see thy face,
I am happy as a king.

Thou hatest, hatest me outright!
Dear pouting lips that smiled!
They are sweet lips still, and their kisses will
Console me, sweetest child.

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'Bist du wirklich mir so feindlich.'

AND art thou indeed so unloving?
And art thou for ever estranged?
I'll bemoan to the world thy treatment,
Now thou art changed.

Ye thankless red lips! Tell me—
Can you utter harsh words in dispraise
Of him who kissed you so fondly
In happier days?

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'Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen.'

DID the wee flowers know what sadness
Lay hid in my wounded heart;
They would shed soft tears till weeping
Made sorrow depart.

Did the nightingales know it, darling
This sorrow endured so long;
They would sing, full-throated, to comfort
A suffering heart with song.

The bright stars, did they know it,
In pity of my woe,
Would come down from their places in heaven,
And shine in my breast below,

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They none of them know it, darling:
The wound, and the heartache, and woe,
And the hand that stabbed, and the weapon,
One only can know.

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